

It Is Nothing

when they come to my door
i will greet them with hand grenades
and point to children
playing across the street --
they will learn that the enemy
is in our own backyard --
and there will be all this blood
scattered in the street.
its like a painting by hieronymus bosch
or a symphony by wagner --
one must approach such things
on the clearest of terms.

I Thought of Whitman

i thought of whitman
dying
in camden

i thought of nail polish

on my mothers table
and windows
pointing to a dark morning
with silver clouds

and santa fe
without its roundhouse --

i thought of emerson,
a polished apple in the morgue,
and my empty pockets,
my funny notes,
my fotos,
my irresponsibility,
my thoughts of suicide.
my last bottle of beer,
my joint of mariwana,
my intolerance,
my hatred of armies and wars
and armored ships
sailing over the ocean --

i thought of tamborines
and my sisters dance recital
and
randolph hearst
who built a castle
to protect himself from death.